



NEWSLETTER

February, 2005

Hello Everyone!

Our February meeting was another good one. We sorted out boats and crews for Borumba and Bribie Island. We also further discussed the hosting another Expo, and set tentative dates of the 27th and 28th of August.

We welcomed guests, **Steve Dahl**, and **Glenn Wiggins**. Steve was our Guest speaker for the evening, and he gave us heaps of information about chasing Tuna at Bribie. He went through, techniques to tackle and then demonstrated the tying of the fly he has found most successful. We are all much better prepared for our trip. Thanks, Steve!

The Bribie trip has turned out to be bigger than Ben Hur! We now have a cast of thousands coming from all over to fish with us. The Bribie trip won't be covered in this newsletter as we hope to get this missive to you before the trip.

Fishing news

It sounds like a lot of us took advantage of the great summer weather to wet a fly or two. Denis and Vince caught a couple of Spotted Mackerel, Denis also caught a Yellow Fin Tuna and a Mack Tuna. John Foy has been playing in the Seaway in his new boat and has been getting on to a few Kingfish. Gary Sheppard, on the other hand, deserted us for a while to take a trip to New Zealand's South Island where he had some great fishing

Just a note

The Mermaid Beach Bowls club has requested that each of us sign in from now on. Let's all be diligent in doing so, as the club has treated us well and is a great venue for our meetings.

April Trip

Our April trip is to **Uncle Billy's** to catch trout. This is a trip we all enjoy; Bill and Sue Atkin are great hosts and the fishing is always great! Last year Mark Hosking caught two whoppers, just in the morning, as he was about to pack up and leave. If you are going, make sure Tom Boylan knows so he can coordinate our accommodation with Sue. The cost is \$80 per night, per person, which includes fishing and very comfortable sleeping quarters. Everything is supplied except food and drink.

The Borumba Weekend Trip according to Shaun

After weeks of great excitement and anticipation it was agreed Bob (Knott) and I would head in a northerly direction and call in to Bribie, catch a bagful of Longtails and be in Borumba by lunch.

On Friday we left Brisbane at 7am and were floating on the water by 8.15am. Beautiful morning, drove three quarters of the way to Caloundra 35 km not seeing one frenzy of fish, no birds, but what a beautiful day. On the way back just off Skirmish Point (practically where we started from) we spotted birds 1-2 km off the beach. We pursued the birds and sure enough we each had a shot at two different groups of fish but unfortunately to no avail, so back to the boat ramp to be told hell, the Tuna were just out in front of Bribie. Omen of things to come.

Just for the record this is a bluefin tuna. My Dad caught it off St John's Newfoundland on 23 July 1972 which weighed in at 680lb.



We arrived at Borumba in the middle of Friday afternoon after using nearly a tank full of gas towing the boat etc. We found our casting arms were seizing up partly due to the air conditioning in the car and partly due to casting our ten weights (one cast each). We needed to release the tension in the muscles, so we passed some time with the other club members Damien (the wild Scotsman linguist expert), John Hoy with his very new tuna chasing boat incorporating an impaling post up forward to prevent falling over the side while casting (good idea John can't understand what the harness was for). Then there was John Prince and his electric fan. Now that's a real mates story.



The guys Aussie Mick, Dennis, Angus and Ricky didn't see them much just flashes as they took turns to disappear to the eskis. (Sorry guys just joking). On Friday night we had a meal at Imbil Hotel which was very good \$15-18 max also same on Sat while most cooked on the excellent BBQ's provided by the Deer Park.

We didn't feel the need to fish on Fri as we wished to take our time and catch all the fish the following day. Which nearly worked but unfortunately some of the above guys caught a few fish as well.

The conditions on the dam were fabulous I have never seen the dam as high supposedly to the top of the spillway however I can't verify that as I never saw the top of the spillway. There is so much water there now you could put a few hundred thousand Bass/Saratoga fingerlings in there and still have cover and structure in excess.



The weather was good, the Friday night was quite warm, sleeping was difficult (without a fan John) but Sat night was fine and very musical. Some of the guys joined our friends from the South Brisbane Sports Fishing Club at a BBQ on Sat night. I believe they had good crack with some light refreshment.

Unfortunately not many fish were caught on Sat. I think Dennis caught a 45cm Toga, Ricky caught a 47cm Toga and Damien caught a 28 cm Toga. I had the good fortune to catch a nice little 30cm bass which fought surprisingly well.

Now I suspect we have a guy in the club who has taken on an aged apprenticeship on plastic surgery or maybe ear piercing or becoming a leader in facial jewellery as I ended up wearing a bit of his jewellery just about 1in (old scale) SSW under right ear. (Nose N cardinal point) which incidentally was confiscated. I now sympathise with the fish when you remove a hook with a pair of pliers with the barb imbedded in them. On a serious note I think it might be a good idea to have a demonstration on how to remove foreign objects from facial and other areas and to reinforce how important it is to wear wrap-a-round sunnies to protect your eyes. It can and will more than likely happen to all of us at some time or other. So the final tally for the day was I caught a small one and Bob my mate caught a big one.

Sunday we made a big effort to get up earlier 4.30am which we did but the young guys were already on the water. We haven't heard any reports for Sun morning except to say we fished the morning and didn't touch a fish. We seemed to be the last to leave and didn't pass any of our members at the side of the road so I guess everyone got home safely.

For me a great weekend the light refreshment was cold and wet, the weather was kind and the company was great.

The members missed the company of our president Tom and vice president Gary. Gary ended up in hospital as did Tom's wife. We wish them all a speedy recovery.

Tight Lines and check your flies.

Shaun

BEST TRIP EVER!

By Trevor Johns

I spent Chrissy Holidays, 2 weeks, trout fishing on the West Coast of South Island, EnZed. And as the title puts it, it was my **B.T.E.** I had the good sense to make a Kiwi girl my partner in life so I am becoming a bit of an old hand at visiting the in-laws in Christchurch and taking the opportunity to catch and release a few brown trout as well.

This time, after a nice family get together lunch on Boxing Day, I jumped in the hire and headed over the Lewis Pass to Reefton. Three and half hours later I arrived outside my booked accommodation, the "Old Bread Shop" backpacker lodge. It turned out to be the perfect base for fishing the area. However Garth and Loretta (the owners) were out and a note on the door welcoming me and telling me to make myself at home led me to do so.

After stowing my gear in my room I set out to the bridge crossing the Waitahu River where the year before I had caught 3 nice brownies. I fished a size 10 bead headed nymph in the dying light for about 2 hours below the bridge but was disappointed, not a touch.

"Not to worry" I thought, "I've got 5 full days of fishing ahead of me, they'll keep."

Back at the Backpackers, mine hosts had not returned so I had a bit of tucker and retired. It was about 10pm, and only just dark, Long days fishing lay ahead so I slept well.

However it was to be a disappointing 2 days ahead. Not a touch did I get on my wet flies, Mrs. Simpsons, red tags or nymphs, the trout caring not a bit whether they had beads for heads or not. At dusk I headed home, grim depression raising it's ugly head.

While cooking tea I met Liam, another Aussie guest over for 16 days of fly fishing the area.

Ah, a kindred spirit and bloody nice bloke. He said, "Want to come with me, I'm going out to the Mawheraiti River? There's usually an evening rise there." So walking out without even taking a rod or jacket (and it was just beginning to rain) we jumped in his car and headed for the River about 10 kms out of town. Parking at the bridge we went down the embankment, jumping the electric fence to a dark long pool emanating from under the bridge pylons. A number of spreading ripples in the half light showed the promised rise beginning.

Liam put together his rod. A beautiful 5 piece 3 wt Winston, small and whippy. "What type of knot do you use?" he asked. "Good old Captain Blood's." I answered. "I'll show you a new one" he said and commenced to type a new knot, similar to one our Vince has shown me. He then started drifting a nymph down parts of the pool. It elicited no responses so he replaced it with a well Ginkoed #12 Royal Wulf dry fly.

On about the 4th drift it was taken by a plump pound and a halfer brown which he brought in. "Ah" I thought, "there ARE fish here". After releasing the fish Liam very generously asked me if I wanted a go. While he had been fishing I had noticed what could have been two surges of water behind the far bridge pylon. Surges, or maybe rises. I had a couple of false casts to get the feel of the Winston (which was beautifully responsive and accurate) and placed the fly nicely on the other side.

It drifted past the rising area, nothing. As it began to drag I put it back in the same spot. It drifted 3-4 inches, no more before it disappeared with a splash. So, it was no surge of water, I struck. As the hook bit home the trout came rocketing out of the depths, a good fish too, 3lb plus maybe. As he shook his head trying to lose the fly his gills flared red, leading me, in the twilight, to think he might be a rainbow trout. But after a couple of zigzags another jump showed him to be a brown. As I applied side pressure and started to draw line to bring him to shore he pulled hard and with an awful suddenness, he was gone. Liam's new knot had failed under pressure. Not to be dismayed Liam tied on another Royal Wulf and I flicked it out mid stream mending the line to make a natural drift.

Gloop! Another take and another good fish from the feel of it. He jumped once, tried a run and.....was successful. That bloody knot had given way again! Liam was most apologetic, but as I said to him, I was happy. I had finally had some fish action and if he hadn't invited me along and let me use his gear I'd be sitting in the Backpackers feeling glum. No mate, I was pleased. The future looked bright.

During the night I heard it raining and next day dawned wet and dismal. No matter I love my fishing and had brought appropriate clothing. No luck at the Waitahu bridge made me think, well, there are definitely fish in the Maiwheratai, so I headed there. Two hours of drifting my nymph in the growing rain led me to decide on something radical. I clipped the nymph off and replaced it with a bass fly. It had been tied by Scotty from Tweed Heads during the Club's fishing Expo and given to me as a sample. It was called (I think) a bass tiger, with a double hook, an orange ruff, red body and two orange cockerel feathers streaming out the rear.

I cast it downstream and stripped it back just as I would for bass. On the second strip there was a splash at the rear of it and a little brown left the water with a flip and disappeared just as quickly. Obviously the double hook (size 1) was too big for him, I'd guess, but at least it was action at last. The river was growing in flow and I could not see the nearby mountain tops cloaked as they were in dark, dismal clouds. The small riffle down from the bridge produced a hit and a take from a pounder trout, then another and another. This is better!!! I thought.

The next hour resulted in about another half dozen fish being taken, up to about 2 lb and about 3 hits and misses due to the hook size. As I unhooked and released the last one I noticed that the river water was decidedly dirtier than it had been and looking back upstream the shingle bank I had crossed earlier was now under water, water that was flowing quite rapidly.

I turned to wade back upstream but the current had grown so strong that even pulling myself along on tree branches was hard work. At this point the river was flanked by 3 meter high banks topped on one side by electric fence wire and on the other by thick gorse and blackberry scrub, both very spiky and tightly packed. Having been tickled by an electric fence before I opted to take on the shrubbery in order to walk out over a paddock. I did so and was very scratched and wetted in the process. By the time I reached the car it was absolutely pouring rain. I drove back to the Backpackers and gratefully entered it's homely warmth.

Liam had scored two 4lbbers in the Rough River so we had both had a pretty successful day.

Next day's weather was not much better. I went down by the golf course and parked above the Inangahua and fished a few holes there, but the runoff had made it absolutely coffee coloured so I was not surprised when I came up empty handed. I thought I'd try the Waitahu again. It was a torrent so no luck, and I lost my bass tiger, just flicked off somehow.

I thought I'd tie some of my own. I had no orange material (which I knew had been highly visible in the dirt-discoloured water) but I did have an old unused bright red and green strike indicator. I cut it up and tied strips of it to some old zulu flies I had. I was back in business! It was going to be all blind fishing, the heavy rainfall in the mountains meant that the rivers were all heavily tannin coloured and flowing bank to bank. This latter situation was brought home to me when I took my new streamer flies up to the Inangahua River. As I parked the car in the gravel pit Garth had told me about, I could hear the roar of the water from behind the gravel heaps.

The flow was very nearly equaled in strength by the attack of the sandflies at the site but I repelled them and away I went to the first big run. About 30 meters wide and 80 long it looked ideal. The water, looking like strong black tea rushing in one end through a strong rapid then through the pool before exiting through a slightly broader and less frenetic tail rapid.

I waded out groin deep, steadying my foothold against the muscular flow and cast across and down. Nothing. Twenty minutes of this made me begin to doubt my new flies. The first how to fly-fish video I had ever watched had told me "fish each stretch intensively", so not to be beaten I thought I'd change my tactic.

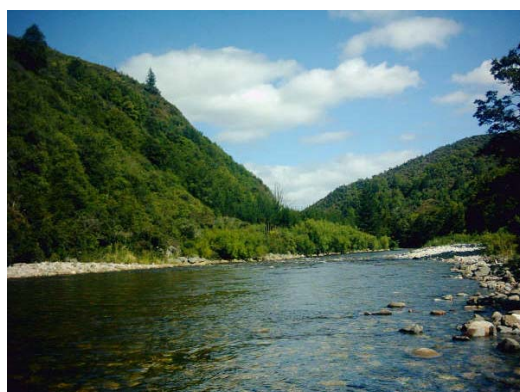
I cast my fly upstream. Of course this made it travel back toward me extra-quickly. Having to increase my stripping speed I got a slight tangle around my reel and looked down as I flicked it right. Looking up I noticed that the bright red of the streamer had disappeared from just below the surface at about 11 o'clock to me. In it's place I saw a big brown tail vanishing into the dark of the deeper water. That's all I needed, I struck and moved house to "Excitement City". A big brown came out of the water like a Polaris missile, shaking his head trying to lose the hook, flaring his crimson gills while a rare break in the clouds let the sun flash and sparkle the drops of water he was flinging loose.

All the usual doubts crowded into my head, will the hook hold? will the mend in my rod tip not give way, how's he going to be to hold if he makes it back into the fast flow just nearby. The answer to all these queries came within the next 2 or three minutes. The hook would hold having passed through from behind a jaw hinge, the mend held just fine (thanks Vince) and use of side pressure on the rod kept him close in the slower water.

He was, however not giving up without a fight. I lost count of his jumps, a half dozen maybe, each at the end of a frenetic run after he had been brought close enough to see the landing net. "He must be getting tired," I thought as my own arm began to feel the strain of holding him back from the rapids. Finally I scooped him into the net, which being too big to enter sideways he shook out of. A second attempt was more successful and in a way I'll bet he was as pleased as I was that the battle was over. Exhausted he lay in the net as I put him down on the stones to retrieve my pliers and flick the hook out. As I did so he lay there panting and thankfully not flapping about hurting himself. He looked buggered.

I wet my hand and gently lifted him out, put the streamer fly in front of his mouth to snap his pic. An honest four and a half pound I reckoned. I didn't waste any more time before picking him up and putting him back in the water. He accepted all this staying in my hand as I gently steered him through the water. Ten seconds of this and he slowly swam away toward the dark current, no doubt wondering "what the heck was that all about?"

I however was in no doubt. This was all about fly-fishing for brown trout in New Zealand!



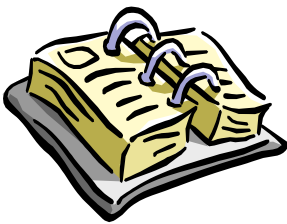
Quote of the month: Don't worry about avoiding temptation...As you grow older, it will avoid you.

Anon

Tight Lines and bent rods!

Your Scribe

Coming Events



CASTING ARVO

**1st Sunday – Pizzey Park – Miami
1:30**

NEXT MEETING:

**Tuesday, Mar. 15th - 7.30 p.m.
Mermaid Beach Bowls Club,
9 Markeri Street, Mermaid Beach**

NEXT CLUB FISHING TRIP:

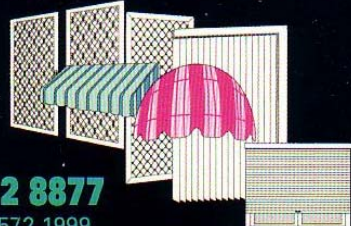
**Fri, Sat, Sun. April 29th, 30th, May 1st
Uncle Billy's Retreat
Target - Trout**

South East Queensland Flyfishing Club Inc. – Contacts:

President	-	Tom Boylan 55646660
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